

Daily State Sentinel Extra.

DAILY SENTINEL

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1862

GREAT UNION VICTORY.

20,000 Union Troops Killed.

10,000 Rebels Killed.

BEAUREGARD WOUNDED.

GEN. JOHNSTON KILLED.

The Great Battle.

PITTSBURG, TENN., via Fort McHenry, April 3, 3.20 A. M.—A special to the New York Herald says:

One of the greatest and bloodiest battles of modern days has just closed, resulting in the complete rout of the rebel army.

The battle lasted without intermission during the entire day, and was again renewed Monday morning and continued till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy commenced their retreat, and are still flying toward Corinth, pursued by a large force of our cavalry.

The slaughter on both sides is immense.

We have lost, in killed, wounded and missing, 15,000 to 20,000.

The rebel loss is estimated at from 35,000 to 40,000.

It is impossible in the present confused state of affairs to ascertain any details. I therefore give you the best account possible from observation, having passed through the storm of action during the two days that it raged.

The fight was brought on by a body of 300 of the 25th Missouri regiment and General Prentiss's division attacking the advance guard of the rebels, which were supposed to be the pickets of the enemy in front of our camp.

The rebels immediately advanced on General Prentiss's division on the left wing, pouring volley after volley of musketry and riddling our camps with grape, cannister and shells.

Our forces soon formed into line and returned their fire vigorously, and by the time we were prepared to receive them they had turned their heaviest fire on the left and center of Sherman's division, and drove our men back from their camps, and bringing up a fresh force opened fire on our left wing under General McClelland.

His fire was returned with terrible effect and determined spirit by both infantry and artillery along the whole line, for a distance of over four miles.

Gen. Hurlbut's division was thrown forward to support the centre, when a desperate conflict ensued.

The rebels were driven back with terrible slaughter, but soon rallied and drove back our men in turn.

From about 9 o'clock, the time your correspondent arrived on the field, until night closed on the bloody scene, there was no determination of the result of the struggle.

The rebels exhibited remarkably good generalship; at times engaging the left with apparently their whole strength, they would suddenly open a terrible and destructive fire on the right and centre.

Even our heaviest and most destructive fire on the enemy did not appear to discourage their solid columns.

The fire of Major Tyler's Chicago artillery raked them down in scores, but the smoke would no sooner be dispersed than the breach would again be filled.

The most desperate firing took place late in the afternoon.

The rebels knew that if they did not succeed in whipping us that their chances for success would be extremely doubtful, as a portion of Gen. Buell's force had by this time arrived on the opposite side of the river, and the other portion was coming up the river from Savannah.

They became aware that we were being reinforced, as they could see General Buell's troops from the river bank a short distance above as on the left, to which point they had forced our left wing back, so as to occupy fully two-thirds of our camp, and were fighting their way forward with a desperate degree of confidence in their effort to drive us into the river, and at the same time heavily engaged our right.

Up to this time we had received no reinforcements. Gen. Lew Wallace failing to come to our support until the day was over, having taken the wrong road from Crump's Landing and being without other transportations than those used for Quartermaster's and Commissary's stores which were too heavily laden to ferry any considerable number of Buell's force across the river, those here having been sent to bring the troops from Savannah. We were therefore contending against fearful odds, our forces not exceeding 35,000 while that of the enemy was upwards of 60,000. Our condition at this moment was extremely critical. Large numbers of men were panic struck. Others were worn out by hard fighting with the average number of skulkers had strag-

could not be recalled.

along the line, and the day, amid the incessant storm of grape and shell, now hitting the men to stand.

ments could cross the left of staff, immediately west pieces of artillery light; while a large number planted along the entire northwest to our extended a half miles distant.

dusk a general cannon and opened upon the enemy from along our whole line, with a peccant crack of musketry. Such a war was never heard on this continent. For a short time the rebels replied with vigor and effect, but their return shots grew less frequent and destructive, while ours grew more rapid and more terrible.

The gunboats Lexington and Tyler, which lay a short distance off, were raining shell on the rebels.

As the effect was too much for the enemy, the firing had nearly ceased, when a new coming on all the combatants rested from the awful work of blood and carnage.

Our men rested their arms in the position they had occupied since the close of the fight until the rebels came up. Wallace came up on the right and met Buell's force from the opposite side, and Savannah being now converted to the battle-ground, the entire right of Gen. Nelson's division was ordered to form on the right, and the forces under General Crittenden were ordered to his support early in the morning.

SECOND DAYS BATTLE.

Gen. Buell having arrived the following evening, in the morning the battle was opened at daylight simultaneously by Gen. Nelson's division on the left, and Gen. Wallace's division on the right.

Gen. Nelson's force opened a most galling fire, and advanced rapidly as the rebels fell back. The fight soon became general along the whole line, and began to tell with terrible effect on the enemy.

Gens. McClelland, Sherman and Hurlbut's men, though terribly jaded from the previous day's fighting, still maintained their honors won at Donelson, but the resistance of the rebels at all points was terrible, and worthy a better cause. They were not enough, however, for our undaunted bravery, and the dreadful desolation produced by our artillery, which was sweeping them away like chaff before the wind, but knowing that a defeat here would be a death-blow to their hopes, and that their all depended upon this great struggle, their Generals still urged them on in the face of destruction, hoping by flanking us on the right to turn the tide of battle.

Their success was again for a time cheering as they began to gain ground on us, appearing to have been reinforced, but our left under General Nelson was driving them forward with wonderful rapidity, and by eleven o'clock Gen. Buell's forces had succeeded in flanking them and capturing their batteries of artillery. They however again rallied on the left and regressed to the right and forced themselves forward in another desperate effort, but reinforcements from General Wood and General Thomas were coming in regiment after regiment, which were sent to General Buell who had again commenced to drive the enemy.

About 3 P. M. Gen. Grant rode to the left, where the fresh regiments had been ordered, and finding the rebels wavering, sent a portion of his body guard to the head of each of five regiments and then ordered a charge across the field, himself leading, as he brandished his sword and waved them on to the crowning victory while cannon balls were falling like hail around him, the men following with a shout that sounded above the roar and din of artillery.

The rebels fled in dismay as from a destroying avalanche, and never made another stand.

Gen. Buell followed the retreating rebels, driving them in splendid style, and by half past 5 o'clock the whole rebel army was in full retreat to Corinth, with our cavalry in hot pursuit; with what further result is not known, not having returned up to this hour.

We have taken a large amount of their artillery, and also a number of prisoners.

We lost a number of our force, prisoners, yesterday, among whom is Gen. Prentiss.

The number of our force taken has not been ascertained yet.

It is reported that several hundred were taken prisoners.

General Prentiss is reported wounded.

Among the killed on the rebel side was their General-in-Chief, Albert Sidney Johnston, who was struck by a cannon ball on Sunday. Of this there is no doubt, as the report is corroborated by several rebel officers taken to day.

It is further reported that Beauregard had his arm shot off this afternoon.

Generals Bragg, Breckinridge and Jackson commanded positions of the rebel forces.

There has never been a parallel to the gallantry and bearing of our officers from the commanding General to the lowest officer.

General Grant and staff were in the field riding along the lines in the thickest of the fight during the two days of the battle, and all slept on the ground Sunday night during a heavy rain.

On several occasions General Grant got within range of the enemy's guns and was discovered and fired upon.

Lieutenant Colonel McPherson had his horse

shot from under him when alongside General Grant.

Captain Carson was between General Grant and your correspondent when a cannon ball took off his head and wounded several others.

Gen. Sherman had two horses killed under him and Gen. McClelland shared the same fate, also Gen. Hurlbut, each of whom received several balls through their clothes.

Gen. Buell remained with his troops during the entire day and with Gen. Crittenden and General Nelson rode continually along the lines encouraging their men.

Parson Brownlow at Metropolitan Hall.

Metropolitan Hall last night was crowded to hear this eminent patriot. A great portion of the audience were ladies. His Honor Mayor Maxwell opened the proceedings, introducing the Rev. Father Havens, who addressed the Throne of Grace, Governor Morton followed, speaking briefly, and concluding by introducing Parson Brownlow. The audience received him enthusiastically. The reverend gentleman, as true and as loyal a Union man as lives, as he asserted himself to be, made a peculiar speech, breathing patriotism and devotion to the stars and stripes in every word, but half serious, half humorous, half comic and half pathetic.

The Parson has a talent for epithets, and he piled them mountains high last night. He was unsparing in his denunciations of the leaders of this infamous rebellion. His prescription was hemp for them and grape for those who follow them. His account of the trials of the Union men of Tennessee, and especially of his own experiences under the oppressions of those in power in the Confederacy, was exceedingly interesting, and at times brought tears to the eyes of those who heard him. Unconditionally he avowed himself for the Union. If the South should make the issue of slavery or no Union, he would say down with slavery.

He would, however, bury Abolitionists and Disunionists and fire-eaters in one common ditch, having previously embalmed their bodies with dog-fennel and gypsum weed.

Parson Brownlow insisted upon the utter inability of the South to maintain itself against the North. This spring and this summer this rebellion would be crushed out. Give us a breathing spell of three months, and we will whip England and France both, and if they don't look out, we will do it anyhow.

The blockade was pressing the people of the South. No cotton goods, not even a paper of pins, were to be bought now in Knoxville. Fine-toothed combs, to rid the little seceder heads of squatter sovereigns asserting their rights in the territories, were not to be had.

General S. F. Cary followed Parson Brownlow. He was bitterly patriotic. Hemp, cannon balls and graves were the staple of his argument. He would entomb every man, woman and child south of "Mason & Dixon's Line," and see the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah overtaken all the Southern land, rather than the Union should be destroyed—the Government overthrown.

Gen. Cary spoke effectively and eloquently, and carried his audience with him.

Upon the conclusion of General Cary's address patriotic songs were sung by several accomplished young gentlemen of this city.

And then came the gem of the evening—a recitation of one or two of his own beautiful poems, by Thomas Buchanan Read. Mr. Read is a poet, an artist, a man of the highest order of genius, acknowledged as such in both these departments, but we never knew, until we heard him last night, that he had all the essential qualities and all the fire of a great and gifted orator.

INTEMPERANCE.—If you would see earth's most beautifully solemn scene—if you would see two kindred hearts assume life's nearest, holiest ties, then come with me to the altar, and look upon two youthful beings, as they make to each other the pledge of eternal fidelity and affection. Behold him—tall, manly, protecting. Behold her—young, rosy cheeked, pure as the spotless bridal robes she wears, and leaning upon him with a look of unshaken confidence.

Let us leave them for a few years, and then visit them again. How changed the scene! At the time he took to himself the bride of his choice he was in the habit of drinking just a little. But he thought, as all other young men think, that he could keep his passions within proper bounds. Alas! for his sad mistake. Alas! for the sad mistake of many a young man like him.

His little fortune, the last bequeathment of a dying father, has been squandered. They have exchanged their lovely little home for the dirty cabin. The cup, overflowing with happiness, which she held in her hand on that bright May morning long ago, has been dashed to pieces along life's uneven pathway. The winds are blowing through the crevices; the fuel is gone; the cupboard shelf is empty. The babe of her own bosom is in rags—its little feet are bare. And when starvation and death are thus staring herself and little one in the face, she ventures to remonstrate with the once noble object of her love. She is met with the stunning blow that sends her reeling across the floor!

INDIANAPOLIS MARKETS.—Mr. J. H. Cholette, with Fred. P. Rush, 81 and 83 West Washington street furnishes us with the following figures: Wheat 75 to 85c; corn 25 to 27c; rye 35 to 40c;